UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

PIUS XI---PIUS XII

(An Appraisal)

By Lillian Browne-Olf

Women and "Honor" - - *Jane Garrott*

American Symphony - - - - - - - - - - *Park Jerauld White, Jr.*

Life and Death of a Church - - - - - - - - - - *Robert Scott Kellerman*

Foreign Policy to the Fore - *Brent Dow Allinson*

The Study Table

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Figures On Russian Confiscation

Geneva.—The total number of monasteries "liquidated" by the U. S. S. R. is set at 673, by a summary given in the periodical *The Godless,* according to a report compiled in Geneva by the International Christian Press and Information Service. The fortune of these monasteries, much smaller than was believed, amounted in money and securities to 4,300,000 rubles in the course of the year 1918-19. On the other hand, their house property and real estate was considerably higher in value. The Soviet Government took away 311 agricultural enterprises, 436 small farms, 602 cattle breeding concerns, 84 factories, 1,112 renting houses, 277 hospitals and orphanages, over 700 homes, and much cultivated land. These are now part of the collective farms, with the exception of the forest lands, which are administered by the State Forestry Department.

The Soviet paper *Troud,* in its issue of November 20, published an article on the results of the anti-religious activities of the committees of syndicates during the last fifteen months. Today, this paper declares, there are certainly anti-religious groups in the syndicates, but there are also "anti-Godless" groups as well. Several syndical committees not only have not intensified the activity of the Godless, but they pretend not to notice the "anti-Godless" groups which have been formed in certain factories. When it is asked how anti-Godless circles should have succeeded in forming themselves, the blame is attached to the lack of activity on the part of the Godless, the lack of cells capable of directing anti-religious propaganda, etc. *Troud* remarks that these are only evasions, and that at heart the desire does not exist to hamper relations with the Christian worker groups.

Nofrontier News Service.

Don't Tell Mussolini

Rome.—One of the numerous underground tales recounted here, is that of a raid on a meeting of anti-Fascists, many of whom were sent to prison, and one sentenced to the firing squad.

This victim was asked if he wanted anything before he died. To the intense surprise of all, he said, "I would like to join the Blackshirts."

The story of his repentance was broadcast throughout the land. It was a wonderful opportunity to slap the whole anti-Fascist movement.

Finally, the execution was due. Before the condemned man was shot, the officer in charge had to satisfy his curiosity. "Why," he inquired of the doomed man, "did you finally come to take up such a fine position?"

"I just thought it would be pleasant to realize in my last moments," the rebellious victim replied, "that when they have shot me, there will be one Fascist less!"

Nofrontier News Service.

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXIII MONDAY, MARCH 20, 1939 No. 2

APOSTROPHE TO MAN

Oh rich and various man! thou palace of sight and sound, carrying in thy senses the morning and the night, and the unfathomable galaxy; in thy brain the geometry of the City of God; in thy heart the power of love and the realms of right and wrong. An individual man is the fruit which it cost all the foregoing ages to ripen.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

We have seen no better comment on the ending of the civil war in Spain than that which appears in the March issue of the *Arbitrator* (114 East 31st Street, New York).

> The losses have been so enormous that complete victory by the Loyalists would not have compensated for them. Victory by force of arms seldom establishes a worthy principle. Victory is problematical but the losses are certain. In any war there is only one chance out of three of success; the end may be a draw or defeat.
>
> "All very true," the militarist will say, "but what could the Loyalist government have done? Would you have had them walk out to the advancing army and offer them the keys of the city?"
>
> If that had been done, if the war had been ended by surrender during its first week, a few radicals would have been executed but hundreds of thousands now dead would be alive today to carry on their progressive ideals. Vast amounts of property would have been saved; untold suffering would have been avoided. Most important of all, democracy, for which the Loyalists fought, would have a better chance of again gaining power in Spain than is now possible.
>
> This was a war waged by the Loyalists for a commendable cause—the defeat of Fascism. Fascism is more strongly entrenched because of the war. War proved futile. Resistance to evil by other methods than war is a more practical philosophy.

Here is the perfect combination of realism and idealism. War is wrong, and should not be resorted to in any case. But war is also wasteful and futile and horrible—it never gets us anywhere. The *Arbitrator* is perfectly right! If the Loyalists in Spain had refused to fight against Franco, had conserved their strength and bided their time, had organized a non-violent resistance campaign after the Gandhi pattern, had relied upon the steadfast support of the great masses of the common people who, the Loyalists insist, were always with them—by now, Franco's government would have become impossible and his victory abortive. Just to the extent that the Loyalist cause was rooted in the hearts of the people, this cause had nothing to fear from Franco's arms. As it is, after nearly three years of fighting, the Loyalist cause is blasted for a century. Vast areas of Spain are ruined, millions of men and women are dead or scattered, the whole strength of democracy is shattered and its progress ended. There is only one consolation in this debâcle, and that is that Spain may well now stand forever as the example of the futility of fighting. Perhaps men may some day learn that a noble cause is not lost, or surrendered, when men refuse to resort to arms in its behalf—that it may be served and saved by methods worthy of reason and the human spirit. "In hoc signo vinces!" And the "signum," let it be remembered, is not the sword but the cross.

ONE MORE WAR!

Just one more—to save democracy, to destroy dictatorship, to bring in peace at last! This is the attitude of many so-called or would-be pacifists today, on exactly the same plea that appeared twenty-two years ago when we faced Wilhelm and his Huns instead of Hitler and his Nazis. It would seem as though our last experience with war had proved pretty completely the fallacy of the "one more war" idea. If historical experience teaches anything, it surely teaches that one war inevitably leads to another war—that the one thing war cannot do is to solve any problem or save any institution. War sows the dragons' teeth, and thus makes sure the very tyranny and terror, slavery and death, which we are trying to avoid. Mr. Lewis Mumford, in his recent hysterical volume, justifies "one more war" —this time against the Fascists!—on the ground that, while he fears war, he fears Fascism still more, since Fascism is more destructive than war. This balancing of ills, one against another, may be left for other and later discussion. What concerns us here is the innocence, or is it the stupidity, of Mr. Mumford's mind. It never seems to enter into the convolutions of his brain that, when we go to war against Fascism, we do not suffer one ill in order to get rid of another and greater ill, but that we add one ill to another and suffer them both. For war does not destroy Fascism; it produces it. Where does Mr. Mumford think, for example, that the Fascism in the contemporary world came from? Was there any other source than that of the Great War? And if we have "one more war," will we not simply insure that there will be added to a Fascist Italy and a Nazi Germany, a Fascist France and a Nazi

England, with a Fascist-Nazi America thrown in for good measure? The collapse of pacifists on this "one more war" issue is perhaps the saddest spiritual spectacle of our time. It makes one wonder what is the fibre of idealism, anyhow! In this case it is plain that there is no pacifism, no idealism on the war and peace question, worth anything except unqualified pacifism. By this we mean renunciation of all war, both civil and international. In this lies the only hope of humankind.

REARMAMENT

Rearmament! "When," writes a subscriber, "was there ever *dis*armament, that the nations should now have to *re*arm?" We may well speak of Germany's rearming, for she was stripped of arms after the Great War. Her ships were sunk beneath the sea, her forts dismantled, her guns and weapons seized, and her armies reduced to a paltry 100,000 men. When Hitler began his rearming, he had to begin from the beginning. But the other nations, pledged at Versailles to reduce their armaments and thus make their contribution to peace, never did anything of the sort. So, in their present policies, they are just keeping up the old program, and thus doing what they have always done. The amazing thing is that Germany has been allowed to beat them at this game. What are we to think of statesmen and soldiers who insist that the only safety is in arms, and then are outwitted by the enemy? What are we to think of the United States, which spends hundreds of millions of dollars every year on armies and navies, and never has anything to show for it? Something's wrong somewhere, with the Fascist states the only ones that can seem to do a really efficient job at this armament business. It all makes one wonder how much bluffing is going on, with assurance only that Germany was *not* bluffing at Munich. If our readers feel any doubt upon this latter question, we beg them to read the article on the flying equipment of the Reich as published in the February 18th issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*. Here is a writer who is an expert and has seen the whole set-up in Germany, and tells fully and frankly the facts. When Chamberlain met Hitler, he faced a man who was prepared to blow England and France to bits. Hitler knew it, and Chamberlain was made to know it. There was no bluffing in this case. War of the most terrible character would have come instantly had Chamberlain not made his agreement. What are we to think of a world which conducts its affairs on such terms? What ultimate security is there for anybody in a world armed competitively for mutual slaughter and destruction? In place of *re*armament, why not *dis*armament? And who can prove that disarmament, or a beginning of it, is impossible, if there were one real statesman of power and conviction alive today? What we need is a world leader of the Wellsian type. When will he come?

FREE SPEECH

On a certain Monday evening last month in New York, the German-American Bund, an out-and-out Nazi organization, held an enormous mass meeting at the Madison Square Garden. This meeting was protected by 1,700 policemen, and was free of disturbance and disorder. On the following Monday evening, the Communist Party, an out-and-out Bolshevik organization, held a mass meeting at the same place in New York, the Madison Square Garden. This meeting was protected by 1,000 policemen, and was likewise free of disturbance and disorder. Were the policemen who guarded streets and doorways on these two occasions in sympathy with what was going on? On the contrary, we imagine there was not one who was either a Nazi or a Communist. Were the Mayor and the Police Commissioner who issued the orders for the protection of these meetings in any slightest degree in accord with the purposes symbolized either by the swastika or the hammer and sickle? As it happens, both officials have more than once made plain their detestation of both. Were the people of New York behind these meetings? If so, why was such a mobilization of police thought wise as a precaution? As a matter of fact, the overwhelming majority of the population of this metropolis would say, "A plague on both your houses." But why, then, were the meetings held? Because New York City is wise enough to believe in democracy, and is intelligent enough to know that essential to democracy is the exercise of civil rights, which include free speech and free assembly. Had either of these meetings been denied, American democracy would have been immeasurably weakened. Indeed, they could not and would not be denied, did not our democracy become suddenly afraid of its own shadow. We never felt so sure of democracy as when we saw these two meetings held without interference or interruption. And we believe that democracy never appeared so impregnable in Berlin and Moscow as when reports of these meetings reached respective headquarters.

FREE PRESS

Last December that great newspaper, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of its founding by Joseph Pulitzer. In recognition of this occasion, President Roosevelt wrote a letter, in which be said, among other things, "I have always been firmly persuaded that our newspapers cannot be edited in the interests of the general public from the counting room." Taking this statement as a text, the *Post-Dispatch* invited symposium comment from a group of representative Americans—publishers, editors, reporters, radio and newspaper commentators, industrialists, bankers, educators, clergymen, authors, members of Congress, labor leaders, etc. One hundred and twenty persons made replies, which were duly published in the paper, and have now been gathered in a pamphlet entitled

"Symposium on Freedom of the Press" (copies sent free on request—address Circulation Department of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*). The comments on the President's dictum are highly interesting. Practically all agree that, of course, a newspaper "cannot be edited in the interests of the general public from the counting room"—the newspaper men insist that any paper thus edited would not last very long! A majority contradict, even resent, the implication in the President's statement that newspapers are edited in this fashion. A minority point out that, in a profit-making economy, the newspapers must live and cannot therefore neglect problems of income. The newspapers in this respect are just like all other institutions under capitalism—subject to the same temptations, and yielding to or resisting them in about the same way. Few remedies for the situation are offered, perhaps because the real remedy lies in the all-encompassing social problem. The Editor of UNITY, however, agrees with Bruce Bliven, the Editor of the *New Republic*, that much of the real power lies in the hands of the newspaper men themselves. Mr. Bliven declares that "to an amazing degree the quality of journalism depends upon the *esprit de corp* of journalists." Our own Editor urges "the development of a code of honor to which journalists shall be bound as the soldier to his oath." Professional ethics—why not?

BAD NEWS!

The Right Rev. Bernard O. F. Heywood, Bishop of Ely, in England, is alarmed. Yes, he is! What is worse—his relations with the Archbishop of Canterbury are "strained almost to the breaking point." Dear, dear! such dissension, added to the international discords of the times, seems more than we can bear. One would think that when statesmen are at one anothers' throats, churchmen might at least be friendly. What *can* be the matter between Ely and Canterbury? It all pertains, apparently, to doctrinal matters—more particularly to the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection. Bishop Heywood is outraged by the refusal of the House of Bishops of the Church of England to affirm the historical parts of the creed, that the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection are true. "If these events did not occur," says Ely, "the whole foundation of Christianity is imperilled." This is pretty hard, by the way, on the Christianity of Paul, to say nothing of John. For if anything is certain in the New Testament it is that Paul never heard of the Virgin Birth, and John makes no reference to it. Yet their Christianity would seem still to be standing up pretty well! As for the Resurrection, how can this be acclaimed as central to the Christian gospel? Suppose if what we believe were proved today —namely, that Jesus did not rise from the dead, but that the resurrection stories were mere myths! There would still remain to us the Sermon on the Mount, the Golden Rule, the parable of the Good Samaritan, and the two great commandments of the Law. Is it possible that these are not foundational elements of Christianity? And if so, there still remains, altogether apart from what happened or did not happen in the tomb, the person of Jesus—his life, his love, his compassion and sacrifice for mankind, his sublime death upon the cross. We cannot understand what is meant by this attempt to confine Christianity within the bounds of dogma. Really, if the Bishop of Ely is so ardent a Christian, we should think he would have something else to worry about these days than Virgin Births and Resurrections!

Jottings

A ministerial colleague reminds us, in these troublous times, that, as God had the first word, so he will probably have the last!

We fail to see why France should be disturbed at Mussolini's repatriation of Italians living in France, Corsica, and Sardinia. What wouldn't we give in this country to have Hitler thus repatriate Fritz Kuhn and the members of the German Bund!

Editorial notes in the Reynal and Hitchcock edition of *Mein Kampf* make it perfectly clear that Hitler was never a house painter. He was a flophouse "bum" in Vienna, and painted postcards for penny sales. But is ridicule along these lines either seemly or just? Aren't we overdoing this business of origins? After all, Lincoln's origins were no great shakes. Scorn of Hitler, it seems to us, lies elsewhere.

> "The annual report of the Imperial War Graves Commission (English) revealed that during the Czechoslovak crisis last September, the Commission communicated with the German War Grave Service. Each agreed to insure proper care for World War graves of the other in its respective territory."—*New York Herald-Tribune.*

Here is true international accord. Britain and Germany coöperate in killing each other's soldiers, and then coöperate as well in caring for their graves.

The James Hines recently convicted in New York on all of 13 indictments for felony and conspiracy in the corrupt policy racket was not only one of the biggest of the Tammany Hall bosses, but also President Roosevelt's "dear Jimmie," dispenser of New Deal patronage for the New York area.

J. H. H.

Pius XI—Pius XII

(An Appraisal)

LILLIAN BROWNE-OLF*

(1) The Late Pope

When the world was informed of the passing of the late Pontiff, Pius XI, his death was referred to as a public calamity. As men awoke to the fact that the suffering aged Father in the Vatican had departed forever from the scene of his arduous labors, a sigh of despair went up, like a prayer, even from the hearts of men who profess no religion but who, by common consent and sure instinct, knew they had lost a friend. His spiritual heroism and Christian resignation during his long lingering illness had touched the imagination of all baffled peoples whose spirits were bruised and broken.

It was fitting that his last whispered word was "peace." For that was the word he had uttered when informed of his election to the papal throne sixteen years before, and the motto that he held before himself as the guiding principle of his pontificate was the *Pax Christi in Regno Christi.*

Elevated to the highest dignity on earth, his burdens and responsibilities were overwhelming. Unremittingly he carried on the gruelling tasks of his exalted station. With unflinching courage he defied the forces of evil wherever they lifted their sinister heads. With anguish of heart, but with calm resolution, he witnessed the enemies of religion rampant in the world, brazenly flaunting their anti-God banners in Russia, in Mexico, in Spain, and even in Germany. Undaunted, yet with the tender mercy of his Master, he called upon the peoples of the world to realize where their doctrines were leading them. He castigated the rulers with scathing words, even as Christ scourged the money changers in the temple.

In his encyclicals he reviewed history and in his survey of the western world, particularly of Europe, he tracked down to its root the spreading disease of irreligion, of economic and social disaster. It was all so clear to his penetrating mind, enriched by so many years of patient research, just where the evil seed had been planted and whence came its noxious fruits. For he saw, in the denial of religious authority and the growth of Luther's revolt, the source of modern capitalism, with its worship of profits and its heartless indifference to human beings. Here was the baneful beginning of the doctrine of sanctity of the State, with all its logical consequences to society. The harvest that the world is reaping today was planted long ago when men became inflated with their own conceit and, sometimes knowingly, but more often unaware of what they were doing, they cried out with the ancient Jews "We will have no one to rule over us." Worshipping a false freedom, they merely exchanged a spiritual leadership for a selfish temporal one. The result: Supernationalism, totalitarianism! This was what Pius XI saw and gave expression to in the more than thirty encyclicals (models of clarity and insight!) he left the world. This, in brief, encompasses his problem of rebuilding the Kingdom of Christ in the sick social organism. He willed to reëstablish, out of the ruins of a chaotic and impoverished society in the midst of plenty, a world order in keeping with the mandates of Christ. Nothing less than this dream was the motive force and the drive behind his ceaseless labors.

Whether in the field of missionary endeavor (and he increased that field by one-third during his pontificate) or in his ardent labors in the field of education as expressed in his encyclical on *The Education of Youth,* or in equipping Vatican City with all modern means of communication with the outside world (he was the first Pontiff of Rome to use the radio to address the world, and to utilize the airplane to circumvent the controlled press of Italy), or in achieving papal independence through the signing of the Lateran Accord after years of study in collaboration with the eminent Cardinal Gasparri, his able Secretary of State for eight years, or in his espousal and promotion of Catholic Action, or in the founding of Schools for the priesthood, or in hundreds of other ways too numerous to mention, one urge drove him on, in spite of illness and intense suffering, to reëstablish and to increase on this earth the peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ—*Pax Christi in Regno Christi.*

The weapons that he wielded in his combat with the evil forces of misguided leaders were spiritual weapons. His withering wrath was directed against the foes of religion, against those false leaders who will not themselves enter the kingdom, nor permit others to do so; even as his Master inveighed against the men in high places who betrayed their trust of leadership. His encyclicals all breathe the same spirit of pity for blinded men and for craven hearts who dare not acknowledge, even when they see, the truth. Yet his was the uncompromising challenge of a soldier of Christ, the holy wrath of a just man who sees through the wasteful futility of proud selfish leaders. His tender patience was for the wronged everywhere. His calm assurance was derived from the faith that ultimate victory is on the side of righteousness.

His own leadership was such that all the world, not blinded by wilful ignorance and prejudice, will, as time reveals his figure more clearly, acclaim the unique quality of the man himself, and the consecration of himself to the sacred trust of his terrifying position. His vast scholarship, his profound wisdom (so at variance with the superficial equipment of most contemporary rulers of states), his practical spirituality, his immense patience, his fortitude in times of stress, his genuine sportsmanship as manifest in his ascents of Monte Rosa, Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn, besides many lesser feats of mountaineering during the student years and the vacations when as librarian of the Ambrosian in Milan, Don Achille Ratti laid aside his cassock and, clad in his mountain togs, scaled the heights that he so loved; then his diplomatic talents as displayed in reborn post-war Poland, his infinite tact and the wisdom of his silences—one could go on enumerating the many gifts possessed by the many-sided ecclesiastic even before he rose to the Cardinalate and Archbishopric of his beloved Milan and finally to the highest position the Church he served can bestow.

During the sixteen crowded, exacting years of the papacy, the problems that he was called upon to face

*Mrs. Browne-Olf is author of a recent biography, *Pius XI, Apostle of Peace,* published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

might well have baffled the stoutest heart! But, whereas, to ordinary men who do not cultivate through meditation and prayer the life of the spirit, these responsibilities would have betrayed their own inadequacy and the impotence of their remedies, or an intolerant egotism, they magnified Pius XI and formed, as it were, an appropriate background and setting for the theatre of his activities. This, not because he went forth as a foeman in armor, but rather because he stood revealed, anxious and deeply concerned, it is true, but unaffected by men's approval, confident in the final outcome and the verdict of history; but most of all, calm in the faith that though men might misinterpret his motives (as in his attitude regarding Italy's invasion of Ethiopia when he deliberately withheld his prerogative of papal excommunication for the sake of a greater good; i.e., the saving of his beloved country from civil war and the Church in Italy from confusion and disruption), he was following God's purpose as revealed to him in the silence of prayer and self-mortification.

For the papacy does this to men. Its long history of nearly two thousand years' experience and its august origin bestows upon the men who are called upon to succeed to the office of Vicar of Christ a breadth of vision which, of necessity, compels them to take a universal point of view. It demands a wide grasp of human affairs and a keen sympathy and understanding of all conditions and races of men. Popes may not, as do temporal rulers, limit their responsibility in the light of passing events. *Sub specie aeternitatis* must ever be their guiding principle.

Not all popes have possessed the many-faceted nature of Pius XI which needed only the papacy to enhance and provide full scope for his genius. It is no accident that he deeply admired the genius of Leonardo da Vinci and spent so much loving labor when he was Prefect of the Ambrosian library in collecting and rearranging his drawings and precious manuscripts in a special room devoted to that phenomenal genius.

It is for all these reasons that Pius XI was acclaimed at his death as the spiritual leader of the contemporary scene and that so many distinguished men of vision gladly acknowledged his leadership; while the Faithful felt like children bereaved when the tired old heart ceased beating. In a world distracted by wars and rumors of wars, Nicholas Murray Butler declared him "a true philosopher of peace." (He was *never* an avowed "pacifist," for that would be contrary to the Church's doctrine, which permits the use of material force, but only as a last resort, when every other means have been exploited, and for holy ends. It was the pope's duty, as Pius XI conceived it, to build a structure of peace and to point to arbitration as the better way). In conversation with the President of Columbia University some five years ago, Pius XI expressed in words "which should be carved in a hundred places where laws are made and public policies are formulated" his attitude toward war: *La guerre est la chasse de l'homme a l'homme pour tuer l'homme.* That French sentence sums up the late Pontiff's philosophy regarding war. He saw human beings sacrificed "even in just wars" and his heart bled for all the suffering, even as Christ "was moved with compassion." Men to him were not pawns. They were human beings, possessed of immortal souls, and as such they are dignified by the kiss of God.

Ray Lyman Wilbur, President of Stanford University, paid his tribute to the late Pius in these words: "A great leader of men who knew that . . . in the long run qualities of the spirit . . . are of vastly more significance than the apparent issues of the day." And again Rabbi D. De Sola Pool, President of the Synagogue Council of America, wrote on the passing of Pius XI: "In a world distracted by doubt, fear and hatred, a world which seems to be losing its moorings and to be adrift without standards and without the lodestar of religion to point to light in the darkness, the serene and beautiful influence of the beloved Pope who has been called to his rest remains an abiding treasure of the human spirit . . ."

Thus the consensus of world opinion has acknowledged the spiritual leadership of the late Pontiff, Pius XI, as unique and, as the writer believes, the turning point in modern history, away from the barren materialism which has proved so disastrous in its consequences, back to the age-old principle of spiritual leadership. For have we not learned that without such leadership the people perish?

(2) The New Pope

No papal election within the history of living men excited the universal interest, quickened the imagination, and evoked the hope that the elevation to Peter's Chair, on the 2nd of March, 1939, of the eminent and distinguished Eugenio, Cardinal Pacelli has exerted on the minds of all men of good will.

The influence of the papacy, regained under Pius XI, cannot be gainsaid, even by its foes; while the Church's own children are affirming that the late Pope, the Pope of the People and the Pope of Peace, will go down in history as "Pius, the Great." The general excitement over the election of the new pope testifies to the renewed prestige of the papacy in the world.

All the predictions and prognostications of the smart journalists and wiseacres of the press of Europe and of the United States could not foresee, any more than the doubtful prophecy of Saint Malachy of Ireland was able to do, the outcome of the late conclave called for the first day of March, just twenty days after the passing of Pius XI. Least of all, perhaps, could Cardinal Pacelli himself have foreseen that on his sixty-third birthday, almost within twenty-four hours of the assembly of the sixty-two Cardinals, of whom he was one, he would be proclaimed the two hundred and sixty-second successor of Peter. Rumors are rife as to what actually transpired within the conclave. But to these rumors we can give little credence. It is doubtful if the outside world will ever know what actually occurred to make the election so swift and so united. Judging by the facts themselves, it would appear that the College of Cardinals was motivated by the desire to present to the world (to use a much-abused and unsavory term) a "United Front" of Catholicism. They wisely realized that the time had arrived when bold courage and no shadow of evasion or timidity must dominate the proceedings. There are even rumors that Cardinal Pacelli, the able Secretary of State under the late Pontiff for nine years, was Pius XI's choice as his successor, and that he had intentionally trained the Cardinal for the task and was not averse to letting other ecclesiastics infer what they might. It was never openly proclaimed, for that would be contrary to Canon Law which prescribes the most stringent rules of election among the College of Cardi-

nals. But whatever may have been the hope of the late Holy Father, it is edifying to believe that Achille Ratti must have looked down from the ramparts of heaven upon the conclave and approved its proceedings with profound joy and satisfaction on his beatified countenance. For it may be inferred that the selection of the aristocratic Pacelli, of the "Black nobility" (signifying allegiance to the papacy) of Rome, was Achille Ratti's, the son of the weaver of Lombardy's, choice.

In such matters the Church is the most democratic body in the world. Leo XIII was a scholar and Latinist and poet. Pius X, his successor, was the son of a very poor peasant, and was noted for his personal sanctity. Benedict XV, the wartime pope, came from the family of the della Chiesas, of ancient lineage. Pius XI was the son of a bourgeois weaver. Men are chosen for the papacy, not for their origin. It is no obstacle to be descended from the peasantry or from the proletariat, or from the bourgeoisie, or even from the nobility! The Church rewards personal fitness and sanctity and achievement, rather than the pattern of one's ancestry. In the spiritual order all men are God's children and hence must only demonstrate themselves worthy candidates for churchly promotion. Saint Peter was a fisherman; his second successor, Saint Clement, was the patrician son of Faustus, a Roman senator. So it has always been.

Why was the whole world so eager about the successor of Pius XI? Why was the press so keen to get the first word from Rome? The answer is not far to seek. The world is sick, sick with the follies and selfishness of wicked men. It is sick with the woeful heritage of the Great War and the devastating "peace" of Versailles with its long train of injustices, maladjustments and fruitless panaceas. Once again the papacy's challenging leadership is attracting thoughtful men as the only sane power in the welter of conflicting and antagonistic ideologies. Men must take sides. There is no escape. The sole hope of mediation lies with the Vatican. Non-Catholics, no less than the Faithful, see this very clearly. Perhaps unwillingly, they nevertheless instinctively feel that the only deliverance from the chaos caused by the Great War, the unholy Peace, and the consequent rivalry of nations for the fruits of the earth, can never reach a workable solution as long as men refuse to accept an arbiter who has no axe to grind and no army nor navy to back up unjust claims, or to protect ill-gotten gains. There must be an Arbiter, or—Disaster! There is no other alternative.

It is little wonder that, although he accepted the tremendous responsibility as the successor of his former Chief, Pius XI, Cardinal Pacelli blanched and was so overcome that he was near to fainting. He must have had premonitions that the first vote would be largely in his favor. But no Secretary of State has been elected to succeed his dead chief since Hilderbrand in 1070 became Pope Gregory VII! That this precedent was broken suggests the gravity of the critical times in which the new Pope must govern the Church and assume leadership in world affairs. It is even claimed that the first scrutiny was really decisive, in fact, *unanimous;* but this cannot be proved now—and no cardinal may vote for himself.

The critical times through which the world and the Church are passing was the cause of the breaking of more than one precedent in this most revealing conclave. That the newly elected pope should choose the name of his predecessor "of hallowed memory," is regarded as significant also. It seems to indicate that the policies of Pius XI will be continued under Pius XII. Indeed, there can be no doubt that as Secretary of State, Cardinal Pacelli and Pope Pius XI worked together in perfect harmony and that after the severe illness of the late Pope, Pacelli must have assumed an increasingly important rôle in the direction of official business. So that the new Pontiff takes up his new responsibilities with a long distinguished service behind him. He comes fully equipped for his arduous duties. Pius XII is of an ascetic and hard-working disposition. His personal life is above reproach. His faith in his religion is as undisputed, wholehearted, and pure as was his predecessor's. His learning is extensive and his experience as a diplomat is no less than was his Chief's. He speaks six modern languages, besides having a thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek, etc. He is the most travelled pope in the history of the papacy, and the only one ever to ride in the airplane, which he did extensively.

As papal nuncio to Germany under the Kaiser he went to the Front to present to Wilhelm Benedict's seven-point program of arbitration (which, though refused as a basis for an honorable peace, was later incorporated in President Wilson's Fourteen Points.) Later, during the Spartican uprising, the Nuncio's official residence in Munich was broken into and he faced an armed mob. The calm Nuncio, having hastily clad himself in his official robes, stood on the stairs before the rioters, and in the name of the Supreme Pontiff demanded immunity on the foreign soil of the Embassy with which, he declared, the mob had no quarrel and with whose rights it would be dangerous to tamper. His self-possession reminds one of that other occasion in papal history when Leo the Great went forth to meet Alaric, the barbarian invader, who was so impressed by the aged Pope's personal courage that he spared Rome and forbade his followers to sack the Eternal City; or again of that more recent occasion when his predecessor, Pius XI, who as Prefect of the Ambrosian Library, defied the mob (whose uprising resulted in a hundred deaths) when the Socialists sought haven in the monastery of the Capuchins and, garbed in the monks' clothing, had escaped while the innocent monks were arrested under suspicion of participating in the riot. Don Ratti then sought out the police and had the brothers released when he convinced the authorities that the monks had not participated in the uprising but had merely offered sanctuary to the escaping rioters.

The new Pope, Pius XII, is the only pope to have ever visited the Americas, "both North and South" as they distinguish them in Italy. It is intimated that his visit with the President of the United States may have initiated the movement for a renewal of relations with the Vatican which were broken off in 1870 when Italy became united and Pius IX became a "prisoner-pope" of the Vatican. The United States, with the exception of Soviet Russia, is the only important nation which, after a period of ten years of the independence of the Holy See, does not recognize the official status of the Vatican.

What will the reign of Pius XII achieve? Time alone can tell. Whatever, in God's providence, the future holds, all men of good will have their eyes and their hopes riveted on Rome and Vatican policy. If, at

long last, the impasse of rival ideologies can be broken and a *modus vivendi* can be arrived at between the nations of Europe and the Holy See, men may once again be permitted to breathe freely, and the stupidity and horror of war, resulting in the inevitable destruction of western civilization, may be averted. If this last hope of the human race is denied by wilful and wicked men, then a devastation worse than the Great War and the Black Death will be the heritage of human society.

The name of Pius is a happy augury. It has come to signify *peace. "Pace*lli" also means *peace.* In his first official broadcast, the new Pontiff, Pius XII spoke the crucial words: "We hope for peace, for that peace for which our predecessor prayed and for which he offered up his life." Shall the world heed this prayer in time, or shall it turn a deaf ear and encompass its own ruin?

Women and "Honor"

JANE GARROTT

It becomes daily more evident that the way to stop war is not to fight.

It is absurd to say in one breath that only a few people in any country want war, and then to assert that no way can be found to stop a threatened war. We should not grant such helpless stupidity. A way can be found. Soldiers must refuse to fight; men must oppose conscription; labor unions should refuse to make or ship munitions. Peace women should stage a spectacular anti-war crusade.

Our "statesmen" will not help us, stricken as they are by a paralysis of fear, or corrupted by munition makers and war profiteers. As a recent writer has said, "They flout and betray the spirit of man."

In order to stimulate resistance to conscription, women should take the most difficult step. They must define a new conception of "honor." They should announce boldly that the old-fashioned idea of "defending one's country" is nonsense. The life of a nation is no longer such a sacred thing that boys must face machine guns, tanks, bombs, and gas poisoning in order to "save" their country.

To the young man summoned by the government to go to war, we will say, "Give up now. Surrender. Go to prison and be called a coward. Endure suffering and ridicule, but cling to your own life for no government is fit to demand your agonizing death. Something much more important than one nation now demands your allegiance; in the name of Humanity *you must refuse to kill."*

The State—"that monster, the State," as Lin Yutang calls it—has taken on the proportions of such a hideous bloody Juggernaut that it will force its subjects to rebel. Few of us, if the truth were told, have ever really had a warm love for the abstraction called the State. If there had been such a warm devotion to it, there would be no necessity for states to do what they are all forced to do—conscript their boys' lives to fight a war.

It has been said that a national trial of nonresistance has never been made; however, the case of Korea seems to provide such an example, for when Japan seized her she offered no opposition whatever. Her collapse may be compared with the case of Ethiopia. The Ethiopians were no more able to stand up against the Italians than were the Koreans able to withstand the Japanese, but the poor Ethiopians were egged on to make a pitiful attempt at resistance. Nothing was gained; many men died; women and babies were bombed and killed. In the end, their country was ruined and lost.

The Koreans did not try to be "noble" and "brave" and to oppose the Japanese. If they had fought, they would have lost their lives and their country, too. As it was, they saved their lives at least and many of their countrymen's. But why do I say "at least"? I should say "at most" for their lives were the most valuable things in their country. We are all still victimized by the foolish old ideas of "patriotism" and "honor."

We should learn something from the Koreans. It is clear that the western idea of "springing to the defense of the fatherland" is a false and cruel idea when it forces young men to bleed in a perfectly hopeless cause. We shall now go further and say it is a false and cruel idea when it forces young men to go out and kill other nationals on the assumption that their country is more sacred than their own lives and can be "saved" by wholesale slaughter of other nationals called the "enemy." The whole idea of patriotism and honor as now accepted should be repudiated. The individual survival of young men who refuse warfare for the sake of Humanity must be safeguarded from the supreme disaster of war. Not the death of one nation is to be dreaded so much as the destruction of civilization. Not the continued brutality of dictators nor the darkening shadow of totalitarianism could be worse for mankind than the recurrence of another world war. Indeed, it is clear that the evils of dictators and Fascists have sprung up as a direct result of the last war. How can we dare to risk another one?

How can we dare to risk our lives under our present governments? They are dominated by statesmen so bankrupt in mental resources that the only method they can think of to get us out of the miserable bogs of suspicion and fear into which we are now sinking is to build with ferocious zeal still larger pyramids of expensive munitions with which to kill each others' citizens!

It is clear that only the individual's rebellion against the military policies of our governments can save us.

And if our country is invaded? The counsel still is surrender and compromise. This is the only sensible and honorable course to pursue, the only way to protect the lives of our women and children. My young Chinese friend in Manila thinks he should go to help his countrymen fight against Japan. I say, "Don't fight. Stay out of that bloody horrible confusion. The 'victory' of either China or Japan cannot lead to a just or lasting peace. Nothing permanent can be gained by your killing a few Japanese boys. Just think for a moment what you will be expected to do. A young man who returned from the last world war refused to talk of his ex-

periences till one day when his father insisted that he should break his silence—'I found myself face to face with one of the "enemy"—a mere schoolboy. He was trembling with fear and so was I. We grappled but I was stronger than he and I beat him to death. . . . When I left the spot I was covered with the blood and brains of that boy, and he lay dead. NEITHER OF US WANTED TO KILL THE OTHER. There's nothing brave or noble about war.'"

I have reached a point where I am filled with scorn and horror when I hear adults urge young men to get ready for warfare. Let middle-aged men and women, politicians and jingoists bear in mind the details of fighting—such details as the story gives above—and ask themselves if they would like to take part in this picture. They should be ashamed to ask boys to do what they could never do themselves:

Prepare to "defend" your country!
Get ready for shame and degradation.
Get ready for brutality.
Get ready for hatred and insanity and murder.
Get ready to turn yourself into a beast.
Get ready to do all these things and call *this* "protecting" your fatherland or saving democracy! How monstrously absurd!

The security of no nation on earth is worth this price: the wholesale degradation and slaughter of its young men.

Radical propaganda which has lured hotheads to sate their heroic urges by "saving democracy" on the barricades is losing its appeal as it becomes clear that violence can only beget greater confusion and more violence, and that killing for a radical cause is no more lastingly effective than killing for any other kind of cause. Thus the last stand for the old conception of honorable fighting fades away.

The man-made conception of honor must yield to a more exalted type of devotion. Mothers should proclaim the new ideal that calls for protection of Humanity first. Such a new woman-made idea of honor may yet save the world. Young men should answer the challenge and rise to it. They must have the courage to refuse warfare. They should say to their legislators, to industrialists seeking investments, to pugnacious army officers, and to hysterical radicals who would see the world drenched in blood in an effort to vindicate some new revolutionary theory, "We will no longer kill for you!"

It is a hopeful sign that the old conception of nationalism upon which has been built all the elaborate rituals of modern patriotism and state worship is under fire from the best minds in most countries. How much longer shall we allow our youths to be sacrificed to moribund sentiments?

American Symphony

PARK JERAULD WHITE, Jr.

Not very long ago a good friend of mine—Jewish, like the majority of the orchestra—gave me two tickets to the Symphony. So my wife and I dressed up and went. Fortunately we were late. I say fortunately because it turned out that way. While we waited decorously in the lobby for the von Weber overture to conclude, a handsome young friend of ours named Alexander Robinson came up and introduced his equally attractive, beautifully dressed "girl-friend." We had heard of Ursula Johnson, and knew her to be one of the best players of Chopin in the city. We knew that, to these two, hearing Rachmaninoff play his Concerto would mean more than to any others in the Auditorium, including our merely appreciative selves. Yes, we readily agreed that it was too bad to miss the opening piece. As the doors opened and we crowded in, we were glad to introduce this interesting pair to some other "really musical" friends.

But Robinson and his girl seemed almost too tense, too excited, as though their adventure must be a crusade of even more than musical importance. They sat down. We were two rows behind them. Before the rest of the latecomers were seated, an usher bustled up, the picture of flustered importance. He had some stubs in his hand but did not look at them as he leaned across to speak to Robinson.

"There's some mistake in your tickets," said the usher. We could see Robinson and Miss Johnson smile significantly at each other. Their smiles said so plainly, "Well, it's here, and we asked for it!"

It was old stuff to them. It is to all educated Negroes with a sense of duty toward their race. We had heard other negro friends describe situations like this with a relish nearly as great as the pain it was supposed to conceal. Robinson's race, by the way, was unmistakable. Miss Johnson might have "got by."

As Robinson glanced back, it was more than pleasurable to shoot him a rather elaborate wink.

The usher had to work fast. He had his orders.

Robinson was studying his own stubs and seat-numbers almost too meticulously. "No, these are all right. Does someone else have the same numbers?"

To the usher's everlasting credit, be it said, he was sweating over the distastefulness of his task. People were beginning to nudge each other. The first warning-bell rang in the corridors. And, obviously, this time the old "wrong-seat-number" trick was not working.

"Well, no, but—*you* know—it's the rules. Come on and talk to the manager." There was pleading in his voice. No stormtrooper he! Robinson dug in.

"Tell the manager these seats are very satisfactory and he needn't worry." It was perfect, except that his companion was blushing furiously. So was mine.

Across the aisle—an aisle which might have been the Mason and Dixon line—an elderly lady who was with a group of contemporaries rose belligerently. She tapped the usher on his right shoulder. With an unmistakable, in fact a cherished, drawl, she said, "Young man, you-all don't have to get the manager. Ah'm a patron heah, or ah *have* been. Ah'll get him. This is an outrage!"

St. Louis, you see, is a "border city."

It was beginning to look as though the Moses-complex in Mr. Robinson was in a fair way to tilt with the Rachmaninoff-complex in Mr. Rachmaninoff. What all managers fear as they would leprosy, but what they encounter about as seldom—"race trouble"—seemed just around the corner—in the direction of the manager's office. My wife and I held whispered conference. And then something happened.

Next to Mr. Robinson sat a prominent lawyer

whom we and everyone else seemed to know. He got up, just as the second bell began to ring and the audience quieted a little. With a distinctness which she doubtless did not enjoy, he called the irate Southern lady by name. She stopped in her tracks—or should we say her ruts?

"Mrs. Clay, we Harveys are from the South, too. But we've always liked music. Now I want to ask those around this couple, how many want to send them away and spoil their evening?"

Until that moment I had not cared so very much for lawyers.

The answers, "Let them stay!" "Good for you, Harvey!" "Let it drop, usher!" could now be so plainly heard that half the audience on the main floor turned to look in our direction. The house-lights went dim. There was a burst of applause, which should have been for Harvey. Instead, it was to greet the conductor of the orchestra, himself a Jew, as he escorted the great, loping, ungainly Russian to the piano.

The violinists' bows were poised; the conductor's arms were raised, as the silence was broken by the rattle of Mrs. Clay's seat. The majestic complex chords crashed forth. We seemed all of us to attain our proper level of insignificance as the music commanded, Be still and know that I am God.

On the way out we were again crowded close to Robinson and Miss Johnson. I said inanely, "Wasn't it great?—I mean—everything?" It was Ursula Johnson who replied, with shining eyes,

"Don't you know Langston Hughes' line—'I too am America'?"

Life and Death of a Church

ROBERT SCOTT KELLERMAN

Alas, alas, for the Universalist Church of North Dana! Its days are numbered! It is no more! It has perished! With a host of friends, I mourn its passing! But it had its years of triumph, usefulness and service. It arose out of the call of the local people for the preaching of a liberal faith, a tolerant doctrine, and a universal outlook of spiritual things. It served its day and generation. And after nearly fifty years of service, it has given way to the growing population of the City of Boston for an extension of its water system. The beautiful Universalist Church, together with other churches, public buildings, private residences, and entire villages, miles and miles of land in length and breadth, have been purchased, and the land has been cleared for a reservoir of water for the great city.

The church was erected in 1898 under my pastorate following retirement from my pastorate in Orange, Massachusetts, where I had been serving since September, 1888. In its invitation, North Dana requested me to "preach the same sermon to them in the afternoon which I preached in Orange in the morning." This arrangement, beginning in March, 1889, continued for eight or nine years. They "did not expect the minister to do any parish work," for it was impractical. The churches were ten miles apart, there were nothing but dirt roads, and it was the horse-and-buggy days. But there were times of crisis when I did great pastoral work.

In the dismantlement of the church, the splendid little pipe organ and the solid oak pews, which were especially designed and manufactured for the edifice, were given to the Congregational Church of New Salem, adjoining Dana on the one side, and the windows were given to the Federated Church at Hardwick, adjoining Dana on another side. The windows, including a large Gothic one in front and one especially created by the Hale and Kilbourn firm of Philadelphia, were all memorial windows donated by members and friends as memorials to themselves and their families. It was a beautiful little church. It was "my" church. I was chairman of the building committee, and practically determined its form, shape, furnishings, and decorations. In his sermon of dedication, the Reverend Almon Gunnison of First Church, Worcester, Mass., afterward president of St. Lawrence University, pronounced it the "most beautiful little country church I have ever seen." It was truly *a church* both outside and in, both in appearance and in spirit.

Until the new edifice was built, we held our services in the Union Church, the Methodists occupying it in the forenoon, we in the afternoon. For the first five years things went well. Considering the size of the community, congregations were large. Sunday school was maintained, and a Ladies Aid did its work. Then there was a crisis. There were three young middle-aged men, two of them regular attendants, who became "tired of Mr. Kellerman's preaching. He is creed-bound," so they said. They engaged a radical preacher, as they thought, gave him three subjects, asked him to preach on three successive Sunday mornings in a recreation grove in the village. We became aware of this, and we met them halfway. We invited our whole congregation to attend their morning service, arranged for a basket dinner at noon, and announced our regular service to be held in the grove at three o'clock on the same day. This arrangement was agreed to. The community attended in large numbers. The day was warm and beautiful. Their chosen minister preached on "God," the subject given him. I guessed the subject, and I preached on "God" in the afternoon. There was a fine expectant congregation present, including the three young men. The second Sunday was a transcript of the first with a different sermon-subject. The sermon now was on "Jesus of Nazareth." My second guess was right, and I preached in the afternoon on "Jesus of Nazareth." The three young men attended. In my mind's eye I can see them yet! There on the back seat, sitting together, bolt-upright, getting every word I said! I preached *to* them; forgetting the congregation, I preached *for* them. I saw by their looks and action that my discourse was winning. I was not wrong. They were convinced. After the close of the meeting, they went to their minister and dismissed him. He was not more liberal. Thus the crisis passed. The inci-

dent had not done injury. On the other hand, it had been of value.

A second crisis was more embittered, and of greater danger to the church. It arose out of a violent personal quarrel between the two leading men in the church, over control of the fire-whistle of the village. It was in no sense a church affair, but the church people took sides, everybody took sides. It split the church in two, the village in two, wrecked the Sunday school, and destroyed the Ladies Aid. As one side stuck to the church and as I was not a party to the quarrel nor a subject of it, I continued to preach to half a congregation on half a salary. Both men came to church as usual. I began to make calls, do personal parish work. I never mentioned the trouble, either in the pulpit or out. I called and visited and stayed around. Talked of anything and everything but the trouble. But they all saw through it, understood it, knew my errand, and gradually began to yield. One of the party repented at once and all his friends came back to church; the other was stubborn and unrelenting. It took six months for the breaches to heal. The Sunday school revived, the Ladies Aid resumed, the minister's salary was restored, and the village was reconciled.

Just one thing remained—the most difficult of all, and that was to convert the man most injured, most sinned against, and to hold him in the church. "I'm going to leave the church at the annual meeting," he said to me two weeks in advance, and repeated it one week later. It was up to me—I knew that. The prospect of my friend leaving the church, and of the decay of the church—probably its death—was the tragic thing to me. What could I say that would change him? I did not know. Two weeks passed; I had found no clue to the solution. Something must be said and done. The last night before the annual meeting arrived. The test came. It was in his barn. He had put my horse in the shafts. I sat in my buggy. He stood by. Calling him by name I said, "I have something to say to you!" He replied, "Say on." I put it on the basis of personal friendship. He and his wife had been kindness itself to me. Their home was at my service. If I was hungry, there was a place at their table; tired, there was a room and a bed; there was the stable and feed for my horse. "Nobody could have done more for me than you and your wife have done!" And I said further. "Have I done right by you?" And in reply he said, "I have no fault to find." Then came the final question. Calling him again by name, I said, "Are you now going to go back on me?" After an instant's pause, calling me by name, he said, "I'll never go back on you as long as you stay here!" That settled the matter absolutely. I went home happy. The church lived on, recovered its strength, and in the ninth year of its existence erected its beautiful edifice.

It should be said that the foundation of the North Dana church was laid almost one hundred years before by the Reverend Hosea Ballou, one of the Fathers of Universalism, when he preached in Dana from 1794 to 1802. "Father" Ballou was so able and so well liked that a boulder bearing his name was set up on the common, in honor and memory of him. This monument has now been removed to the Quabbin cemetery on the hill above the reservoir. There was a steel engraving of him in the Dana Library. This has been given to the Historical Society of Orange, and now occupies a prominent position on its walls.

In addition to the foregoing, I wish to pay my tribute of respect and reverence to two men of special and unusual character. Among the outstanding men in North Dana, besides the two who disagreed and the three who desired a more liberal minister, there was one by the name of Moses Knapp whose like I have never met before nor since. He was absolutely honest, wholly unselfish, devoid of a trace of bitterness; he was firmly attached to the church, and devoted body and soul to his invalid wife, whose character was the transcript of his. It was he who told me of the defection of the three young men because they did not "like" my preaching. He could say the harshest things in the greatest kindness for the greatest good. He hated nobody and he had no enemies.

Another splendid character was Sardius Skinner. He was an "old-fashioned" Universalist, devoted to the faith, delighted above everything to hear it preached. Never was he absent from church except when sick. He sat on the front seat, took part in the services, and when the sermon particularly suited him he could not wait for me to come out of the pulpit, but himself mounted it to tell me so. He was wholly kind, affectionate, unaffected, unselfish, sought nothing for himself, and his life was as open as a book. He met with a serious accident, had a long struggle to live, his mind wandered, he thought of the church, and frequently called for me. When I knew of it, though I was thirteen miles away in the horse-and-buggy days, I rode time and time again to see him. But he never knew me, never knew I came, until he recovered and his mind returned, and his wife told him. The first Sunday he returned to church he sat in his accustomed seat—nobody had occupied it in his absence—joined in the service, listened with interest to the sermon, and almost at once, when the last word of the benediction was said, there he was at my side in the pulpit. He rehearsed it all, said he knew nothing, his wife had told him, "And now I want to thank you," he said, and he poured out his gratitude as fully as a little child.

My memory and my heart are full of North Dana, its life, its men, women and children, and the church. The church itself, not the edifice, was born in 1889 and it died in the fiftieth year of its life. It was an institution in its day. It has yielded now to the progress of a great city. It was worthy both in its life, and in its death. And so without regret I salute it, "Hail and Farewell!"

Atonement

We are alone—
Our prayers are said—
What can we do
Ere we are dead?

There must be One
Whose guiding hand
Can hold us fast
On sliding sand.

HANNA MOCK

Foreign Policy to the Fore

BRENT DOW ALLINSON
(Our Washington Correspondent)

I congratulate you heartily on the impressive contents of your issue of March 6th, even as I rejoice to learn that a friend in the national capital has ordered (and paid for!) a copy of the preceding issue to be sent to each member of the United States Senate—and that about 2,000 individual letters have been received by Senators Burton K. Wheeler and Edward Johnson, of Montana and Colorado, respectively, concerning the appointment of ex-Congressman Thomas R. Amlie, of Wisconsin, (whose economic philosophy was reviewed in that issue) to a vacancy on the Interstate Commerce Commission and that most of these letters were favorable to his confirmation. Letters from the people do accomplish things in Washington—for this is, verily, a government of public opinion, and by it, whenever that opinion is articulate, commercial newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding.

I find your editorials enlightening and persuasive (with the exception of the extravagant comparison of the President's attempted "purge" of his party, last November, with the grim purges by Stalin, Hitler and Company of their hapless subjects. Has not the President, as party leader and prime minister, a perfect right to appeal for support of the electorate, by endorsing those who have supported his legislative program, and condemning those other nominal Democrats who have opposed and sought to frustrate it? How better can presidential leadership function, or fulfill its legislative program and pledges, in so rigid a constitutional system as ours?)

Readers of UNITY must be grateful to Mr. Jobman for his able memorial treatise on the heroic life and inspired literary labors of Thomas Campanella in the prisons of the Inquisition. American college students hear about the *City of the Sun* in their survey courses in philosophy and literature, but who among them has time to read it? Alas! . . . And especially grateful to you for the timely publication of Mr. Taraknath Das' penetrating exposé of the President's warlike foreign policy. It is, indeed, high time to set this matter squarely before the thinking public and challenge it to crystallize its judgment. Unrealized by most, the historic policy and law of American neutrality towards the ceaseless collisions of Old World imperialisms—the policy repeatedly affirmed and enacted by Congress and endorsed by overwhelming majorities in the country (as indicated by at least three Galluppolls), representing the final result of our collective disillusionment of the World War and the prudent deposit of a long and bitter national experience—is being undermined and nullified at Washington, by the Administration, despite eloquent senatorial protests from the veterans of both parties.

Aided by the Stimsonite—if not the Hoover—Republicans, by the conservative press and all the Old Dealers, by Dorothy Thompson and other columnists, by Lewis Mumford and the near-hysterical Jewish writers and editors, by the international bankers and the Anglophiles, by the inexhaustible propaganda of the League of Nations associations, and always by State Department functionaries who love to play the great game of world politics and take their cue from Downing Street, the President is moving openly towards the nullification of Neutrality and the collusion of the United States in the Anglo-French alliance, and in its unyielding opposition to the "have-not" nations' ambitious bid for power and a larger place in the colonial and imperial sun.

He is certainly *not* moving independently in the direction of peace by economic concession or political appeasement, with regard to Germany. And this is greatly to be regretted; for while the Chamberlains parry and actively promote trade with Germany and Italy, and even Japan, we look virtuously away, outarm the imperialists and make no attempt to come to an understanding with the "aggressors," who are in understandable rebellion against the inequitable *status quo* in the world, economically dominated by "the democracies," as we like to call them (with tongue in cheek); and talk about a return to a "free money economy" in the world when half of it has no money! —and is, therefore, compelled to use brains, barter, and the threat of bullets to make its protests heard.

Mr. Das does us all a great service in setting forth so clearly the bearing of the Administration's foreign policy and preposterous armament build-up; and of its implicit delivery of the American people, without referendum or even consultation with the Senate,—and even against the majority mind and wish (as demonstrated by at least three Gallup polls), as unwilling seconds in the imperial duels of the Old World empires, standing in the shadows behind two of the principals; instead of as an onlooker, or umpire, supremely concerned with the preservation of the world's peace and of our own hemisphere's isolation from the mephistophelian intrigue and devastation which is afoot in Europe and Asia.

Most of what Taraknath Das has to say in this challenging article is unquestionably true. It is only too true and too terrible to be fully realized by well-meaning, peace-loving, liberal Americans who have trusted the President loyally not to permit the country to become involved in the undeclared wars which are in progress in Europe and the East,—believing that he would hold fast to the vision and sterling Americanism of his justly praised and famous Chautauqua address of August 14, 1936. That he has now abandoned the position then taken, and turned away from Neutrality under the pressure and panic of moving events, as Woodrow Wilson and Colonel House abandoned it, in 1916, must be reluctantly admitted.

But Mr. Das would, we feel, be more convincing in what he has to say about the warlike trend of American foreign policy—in behalf of the maintenance of what the Secretary of State calls international law and orderly process, and what Mr. Das sees as the preservation of the imperial *status quo* in the world, particularly the British Empire—if he had ever condemned the criminal cunning and dreadful cruelty of Japanese militarism, or expressed any ringing censure of what it has dared and done, in defiance of the most elementary principles of justice and decency and morality, in the last three years, in Manchuria, North, Central and South China; and if he would now indicate what alternative course is open to constructive and courageous American statesmanship. Faced with these

monstrous realities, and with a grim choice between aiding imperial Britain by our economic and naval support to defend Canada or even Australia—not to speak of the emancipated Philippines—against unprovoked Japanese attack and military-economic subjugation, and silently watching (even abetting by our *laissez-faire* commercial policies) the cunning Japanese to extend their iron grip from Kamchatka to Kabul, including, perhaps, the subjugation of India's unhappy millions in the event of the break-up of the British *Raj*—would not even Taraknath Das, as an intelligent and civilized Caucasian who is heir to the culture of India as well as of the English-speaking world, pause in his defense of the conquering Samurai and their nasty Nazi coadjutors?

What, in short, would he have us do? . . If American neutrality is to be safeguarded, now is the time for all good citizens and friends to rally manfully and intelligently to its defense, by charting a wise and honest course for our somewhat bewildered countrymen to follow! UNITY can serve no higher purpose than to make itself the forum and mouthpiece of a movement to save American democracy and neutrality from the jaws of war! Let us have a full-dress discussion, now, before we are "roped and thrown" into the bloody arenas of the world!

The Study Table

A Belated Recognition

CHARLES TIMOTHY BROOKS. TRANSLATOR FROM THE GERMAN AND THE GENTEEL TRADITION. *By Camillo von Klenze.* 114 *pp. Boston: D. C. Heath and Company.*

This important study of Charles Timothy Brooks is one of a series of monographs approved by the Modern Language Association of America. The author, Professor von Klenze, has made in this study a long-overdue contribution to the development of American culture and its German background. If we are ever in a position to understand American letters, we cannot omit the influence of Germanic culture which was so powerful in the nineteenth century. From Germany America learned philosophy, theology, and letters. When Harvard introduced courses in the German language, it opened the door to what developed into New England Transcendentalism and the study of the humanities. The idealists of New England were indebted to Kant, Schelling, Jacobi, Hegel, and Fichte; the theologians were debtors to Schleiermacher, Herder, Strauss, and the Tübingen School, to DeWette, Eichhorn, and others; all were under the influence of Goethe, Schiller, Jean Paul, and Lessing. One of the most potent interpreters and translators of German thought was Charles Timothy Brooks.

Brooks, a Unitarian clergyman, served as pastor of the Unitarian Congregational Church in Newport, Rhode Island, for thirty-four years. During this long and fruitful pastorate, he showed his ability not only as a writer of sermons, one of the most exacting of the literary arts, but also as a poet, and a translator. While a student in Harvard in 1830, he became infatuated with the German language. This led him to Goethe and Schiller. Almost at once he began a translation of Schiller's *William Tell* which appeared in 1837. The following year he contributed volume fourteen to George Ripley's important work, *Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature.* This contribution to America's understanding of German culture was edited by Ripley, and included translations of the philosophers, theologians, and poets. But Brooks' fame rests perhaps more on his translation of Goethe's *Faust* which appeared in 1856 in the original meters. Later Bayard Taylor's translation usurped in the public mind the place of Brooks' work, but this provides no excuse for forgetting Brooks' translation, which some scholars hold to be superior to Taylor's famous work. Von Klenze says: "We do no violence to the facts by asserting that no American ever entertained greater regard for the temper and genius of the German people, and that no American of his day—not even Hedge or Bayard Taylor—equalled his intimacy with German prose and verse."

The total literary output of Brooks seems immense to us in this day of slothfulness. Translations from Jean Paul Richter, Auerbach, Rückert, Schefer, Uhland, Körner, and others attest the zeal and ambition of this Unitarian minister. Today we need successors to Brooks both in the pulpit and in the field of letters.

CHARLES A. HAWLEY.

Peaceful Change

YOUR MILLION DOLLARS. *By Upton Sinclair.* 32 *pp. Published by Upton Sinclair, Box 67, Station A, Pasadena, California.* 20c; 15 *for* $1.00.

Here is just the booklet for those who are anxious to get peaceably the social changes necessary before it is too late for peaceful change. The whole working of capitalism is made plain: How scarcity is subsidized; interest, rent and profits taking between 30 and 44 per cent of our income, before one "can sit down to eat supper"; the impossibility of running an economy of plenty that machine production makes possible, as long as the profit motive is retained; the folly of the public ownership of the post office, but the private ownership of the telephone and other public utilities; these and just about every phase of life affected by capitalism are given a fascinating treatment by this keen student, for forty-two years, of our economy.

The little book is composed of seventeen letters to "Joe," former chum who helped Sinclair get his material from the Chicago stockyards for *The Jungle* so many years ago. "Joe" has now "made" his million dollars. Hence the title. Letters I to VI paint the picture of our present debacle here in America with our unemployed millions, empty factories, deserted farms, dearth of purchasing power, as 2 per cent of the people own 60 per cent of the wealth, etc. Letters VII to XVII deal with remedies; and what practical remedies they are!

One of the finest features is Sinclair's manner. This alone makes this little gem worth its weight in some of that gold buried at Fort Knox, Kentucky. If there is a better book for convincing wealthy and privileged people of the need for social change, this reviewer does not know it. Sinclair makes clear the relation of Capitalism to Fascism, as developed in Germany, Italy and

elsewhere, and that America cannot escape. Government credit alone remains. When that goes, then the deluge!

Readers of UNITY know Sinclair well enough to realize that no "crackpot" inflation, easy money or impossible pension plans can ensnare him. He knows that more money on the market demands more production to avert inflation. Let him tell you and your friends what can be done *now*.

GEORGE MAYCHIN STOCKDALE.

Dark Ages Descend upon Europe Again

CONSCRIPT EUROPE. *By Randolph Leigh. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.00.*

What a pessimistic picture of Europe is portrayed by Mr. Leigh. Black was its past, horrible is its present, and dreadful is its future! The talk of democracy and civilization in Europe—what a mockery! Look at it closer. England, parading as the apostle of freedom and equality—what is it in actuality? In her colonial empire she is "the greatest exploiter of black and yellow races in all history." Her Indian subjects are the most oppressed in the world. The worker's wages are low. The farmer pays "one-third of the gross of one-half of the net produce of his farm" in taxes. Child labor is universal. The Indian textile industry is crippled by heavy export duties to lessen its competition with the Lancashire spinners. But the Viceroy of India, an Englishman of course, receives a larger salary than the President of the United States. Any wonder that unrest in India is universal? In 1933 alone, 3,128,167 persons were arrested, mostly for political activities. Nearly 2,000 were shot down by British military in five rebellions between 1919 and 1933, and over 600,000 troops are stationed in India to keep order. In Africa, British exploitation is to be seen in its "crudest form." The mandate system which was presumably designed to promote the material and moral welfare of the natives and to fix an open door policy in Africa, did neither. In Tanganyika, for example, the natives are taxed for every "pleasure," even for more wives than one. The indenture system, forced residence, illiteracy are their common lot. And what a picture does England present at home? The monarchy has not advanced but retarded democracy. The power of the Prime Minister is steadily growing at the expense of the House of Commons. Members of the House cannot criticize or amend important measures, especially money measures. The radio and stage are virtually under state control. The Church of England is feudal, half-political; its bishops are nearly a hundred per cent on the side of wealth against the poor. The Church Assembly in 1937 approved the imperialistic designs of the government. Education is virtually a privilege of the rich. The Army, the Navy, the civil service are closed to the poor.

France, next, has 60,000,000 black and yellow subjects, 92 per cent of whom are illiterate and most of whom enjoy a state of semi-slavery. Slave trading is common in French colonies. Although losing $7,000,000 a year on her colonies, France is holding on to them because she hopes "to secure enough black soldiers to offset Germany's gain in man power." At home, there is little democracy. The Senate is still elected by 75,000 members of the bourgeoisie—by departmental electoral colleges—and it has the power to remove Premiers supported by majorities in the Chamber of Deputies, as Blum was forced out in 1937.

Spain, Italy and even "sanctified" Belgium are all "tarred with the same stick" and belong to the same tribe—"the tribe of predatory Europeans."

Europe is bankrupt, economically. England, once the banker of the world, now owes $1,032 for each person. Twenty-nine nations, 13 more than in 1914, are struggling to survive in the face of contracting markets, keen competition by Asia and America; burdened by adverse trade balances for 30 years and a race for armaments which is draining the resources of all. Orthodox economics has been replaced by bayonet economics and the latter will inevitably be "the means of settling accounts." And the greatest threat to the peace of Europe, of course, is Hitler with his clamor for expansion. Another storm is surely gathering. What will be its consequences?

If Russia or France, unaided by England, is forced to fight Hitler, the chances are that Hitler will win. Once more, then, the map of Europe may change: Germany will absorb Ukraine; Poland, as a reward for assisting Germany, may receive Lithuania; France may take possession of Belgium; England may receive protectorates over Holland and the Scandinavian states; the new republics may be wiped out. Out of this turmoil a revived League of Nations may come into birth, or, as is more likely, after a little pause, Europe may once more return to "free-booting at home and abroad." While the author may be correct in concluding that it is futile for Americans to search out any nation in Europe "which embodies enough of our philosophy to justify re-rescuing it," he seems to be underrating the future role of Russia. Armed and stretching over one-sixth of the habitable globe, Russia functions as a block against the imperialistic ambitions of Hitler, and in a test may prove victorious over the hordes of Fascism. With such a turn of events, Europe may yet become the hope instead of the curse of civilized mankind.

MICHAEL B. SCHELER

Book Notes

THE PENDULUM SWINGS BACK. *By Marvin M. Black. 229 pp. Nashville, Tennessee: Cokesbury Press.*

The swinging of the pendulum to which Mr. Black refers is from mechanistic interpretation to a viewpoint organic, synoptic, and genuinely idealistic in the sense that it permits us to assert that mind is "the ruling force in human endeavor" (p. 227). The contention that such, very hopefully, is the case, Mr. Black buttresses by a liberal use of quotations from current scientific and philosophic literature. In the ten chapters of his book he argues that mechanistic doctrine is untenable in biology and in psychology; that a new challenge thereto is now offered by the results of psychic research in the fields of telepathy and clairvoyance; that Lamarckism is by no means bankrupt; that contemporary medicine is realizing anew the importance of the patient as distinct from the disease abstractly considered; that sociologists are tending to displace the particularistic by the organic point of view and to emphasize the possibility of a genuine control of events by intelligence; that journalistic education is increasingly stressing the synoptic viewpoint;

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Correspondence

Superstition at Its Zenith

Editor of UNITY:

I am very much disappointed with the editorial in UNITY of February 6, entitled "A Holy War." You ask: "Why was there no democracy in Europe during the Middle Ages, when religion was at the zenith of its influence and power?" This is my answer: It was not religion that was at its zenith, but cruel, black superstition, in the rôle of a woman whose garments were dripping with the blood of the slain. And, today, democracy is fighting the battle for its life against the hosts of darkness. Democracy is the religion of science, the revealed truths of the universe in which mankind lives, and of man's relation to his fellows. Science has no High Priests, burns no incense, and persecutes no one for infidelity.

Mr. Leo Kaul, in UNITY of January 2, was brave enough and wise enough to proclaim an important truth. Historic Christianity and the myths of the Old Testament will, in time, become as obsolete as are the myths of ancient Egypt and of Babylon, today.

EDWARD H. BARRETT.

Lansing, Michigan.

An Open Letter on Jewish Refugees and India

Mr. Ramananda Chatterjee, Editor.
The *Modern Review.*
Calcutta, India.

My dear Ramananda Babu:

Knowing that you are one of the Indian leaders who have world vision and genuine compassion for suffering humanity, I am asking you to do your best so that Mother India's doors may not be shut to the helpless and persecuted Jewish people who might seek refuge in India.

I know that some Indians may feel that Jewish refugees might take away a few jobs or become competitors in their professions, and therefore they would not like to encourage Jewish immigration in India. Yet I urge all farsighted Indians to help the oppressed and persecuted Jews!

What is happening to the Jews in Germany and other parts of Europe is the best example of the civilized barbarism of the western world. These tragic events of recent weeks call for world sympathy for the suffering Jews! It will be against the sacred tradition of Mother India and the spirit of Hindu India not to aid the persecuted people. Religious and racial persecution has no room in Hindu India, which preaches universal toleration and never waged a religious war. Hindu India gave shelter to the Parsees of Persia when they were persecuted by their conquerors. Today these Parsees and their descendants are national assets for India. Tatas, Wachas, Naorojis and others have aided India in so many ways and they will continue to do so. I believe Jewish experts and specialists from Germany would be a national asset.

Due to no fault of theirs, the Jews of Germany and other lands are being driven away from their homes, robbed and pillaged. For the sake of humanity, extend shelter to them as our ancestors did to the Parsees and others.

TARAKNATH DAS.

New York, N. Y.

The Study Table

(*Continued from page* 31)

that anthropologists and historians "have been forced to consider the close relationship of subjective personality with objective culture, to turn from a study of the purely mechanical aspects to the structures and accumulated resources of society transmitted through the educational process" (p. 204); and that idealism, the "Great Tradition" in philosophy, continues to enjoy a vigorous life. The book will be of greater value and will offer fewer difficulties to a general reader than they will to a scholar who is left quite at sea unless problems are carefully analyzed, terms are sharply defined, and counterviews are judiciously appraised.

* * *

LAYMEN SPEAKING. *By George Morlan.* 242 *pp. New York: Richard R. Smith.*

This book presents a compilation of the results of interviews with persons diverse in age, occupation, and religious sentiments concerning their tastes and judgments in respect to sermons, and concerning the sermons of which they retain some memory. These reports throw sidelights on certain types of personality and, along with explanations, suggestions and theoretical discussion on the part of the author, they may prove of help to clergymen who are underprivileged in their intellectual endowments or equipment, or are neglectful of intelligent self-criticism. Otherwise, the volume is of little practical value, even as it is shallow in its psychological and its philosophical content.

* * *

CHRIST OF THE COUNTRYSIDE. *By Malcolm Dana.* 138 *pp. Nashville, Tennessee: Cokesbury Press.*

Deliberately utilizing the Biblical materials as they stand, Dr. Dana presents the life and parables of Jesus in a way aptly characterized by himself when he writes in his foreword: "This modest little collection of meditations is a sincere attempt, perhaps with imagination allowed to run too free and with something of exaggeration, to magnify the rural-life figure, imagery, backgrounds, and teachings contained in the four Gospels."

* * *

WITH GOD AND FRIENDS EACH DAY. *Arranged by Frederick R. Daries.* 383 *pp. Nashville, Tennessee: Cokesbury Press.*

Giving judiciously for each day of the year a Biblical passage, a brief meditation, a prayer, and a stanza of a hymn, along with space to record anniversaries or autographs, this book should serve to direct and enrich personal religious devotions as also regularly to remind the reader of those with whom he has bonds of kinship or affection.

EDWARD L. SCHAUB

International Sunday School Lessons for 1939

SNOWDEN'S SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS. *Edited by Earl L. Douglass. New York: The Macmillan Company.* $1.35.

This is the eighteenth annual volume in the justly popular treatment of the International Sunday School Lessons. This volume covers the year 1939, and consists of a careful study of the Life and Work of Peter, the Life and Letters of Paul, Lessons from Israel's Leaders, and a study of the parables in Matthew. The treatment is unsectarian, scholarly, and practical. Such a book as this is needed by Church School teachers. Dr. Snowden developed these lessons into an indispensable tool for the teacher; Dr. Douglass has proved himself a worthy successor. If this series could somehow be brought to the attention of the teachers throughout the country, the intellectual level of religious instruction in America would be immeasurably raised.

CHARLES A. HAWLEY